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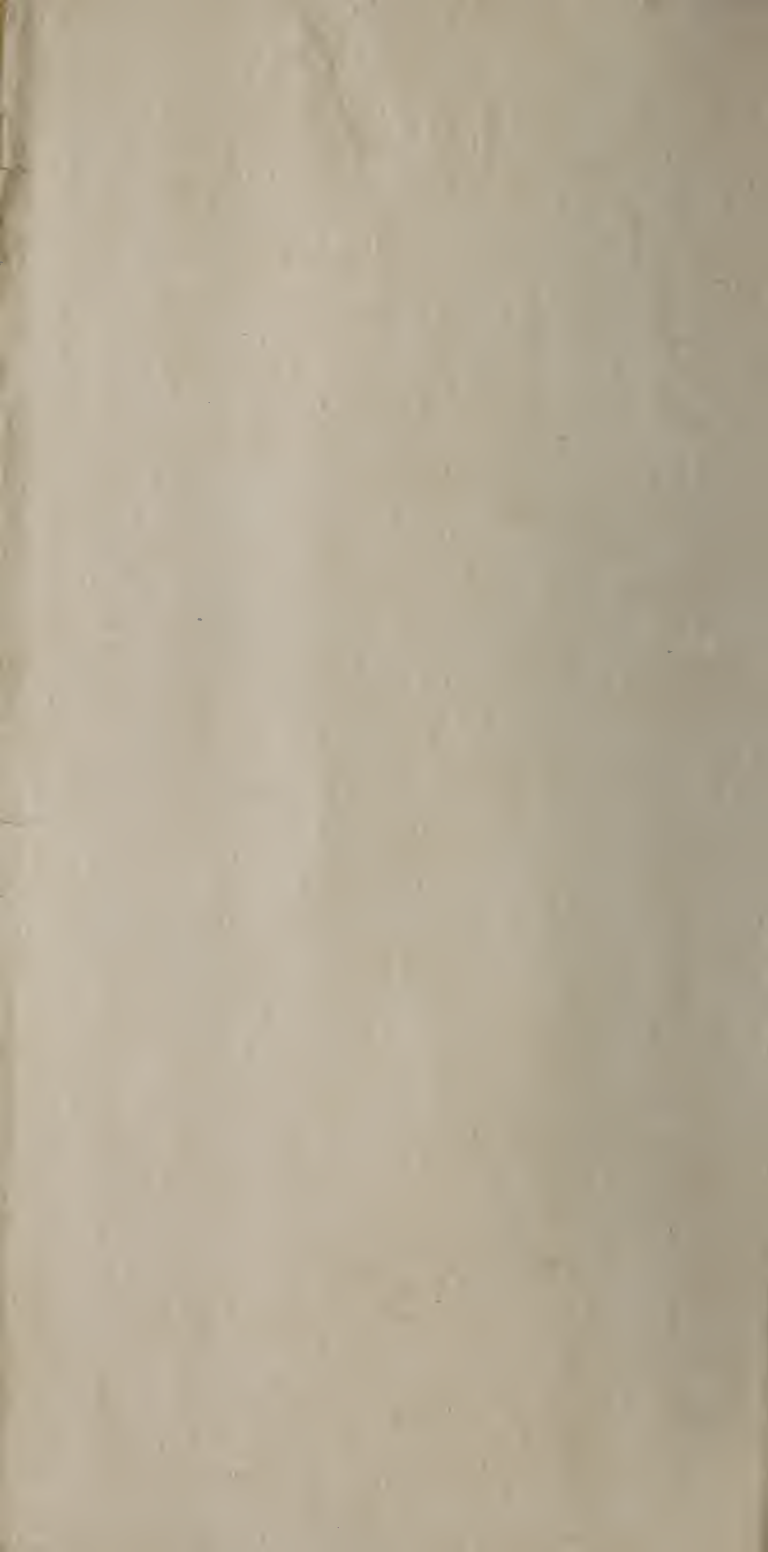


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RIVERSIDE

"THE CITY
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RIVERSIDE

The City Beautiful

A Brief Description of Some of the Alluring
Beauties and Scenic Gems which confront
the Visitor at the Metropolis of
Southern California's World
Famed Orange Belt



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1916



All Overland and Local Trains of
The Salt Lake Route
Including the Los Angeles Limited
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Pass Directly Through Riverside
The City Beautiful

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The City Beautiful

AS IN the Arabian tale of the palace that was raised by wizard spell in a single night, Riverside has sprung up amid waste and solitude in an incredibly short time. Only a generation ago the coyote was scrubbing for a lean and thirsty livelihood on the sagebrush lands that are now covered by her flourishing orchards. So everything at Riverside is new. But while this modern city is spick and span, burnished like a new-minted dollar, no place in Southern California is more reminiscent of by gone days.

Even in the main business streets we may come upon an office building of distinctive old mission type. In the public library the same effect is beautifully conveyed, and still more so in the girls' High School. The Congregational Church, on Seventh Street, with its very impressive tower, is a reproduction of the fine type of Spanish Colonial architecture as



"Covered by her flourishing orchards."

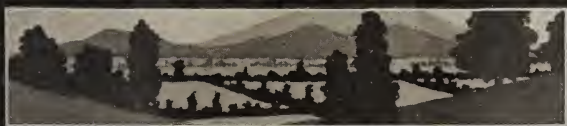


"Its entrance archway built to form a Campanile."

seen in some of the cathedrals of Mexico. The Federal Building next door, containing the Postoffice and offices of the Department of the Interior Government experts who are resident in Riverside for the study of the citrus industry problems, is a beautiful building in the prevailing style. These buildings, with the library and hotel are part of the Mission Civic Center which especially impresses the visitor to Riverside.

Then there is the Glenwood Inn, with its Mission gables

and tiled roof, its pergola draped with training grapevines, and its entrance archway built to form a campanile. The Mission Inn had its Fortieth anniversary as a hotel in 1916 and through the forty years with all the changes and development it has been under the same ownership and management—that of Frank A. Miller, known as the Master of the Inn, and Mrs. Alice Richardson, his sister. The



"Luxuriant shrubberies and vivid hued flower beds.



"The Salt Lake Route Station is of the mission type."

changes in the name of the hotel tell the story of its growth. It began in 1876 as the Glenwood Cottage, a twelve room boarding house. It was next known as the Glenwood Tavern after its first period of growth, then the Glenwood Hotel in the '90s. In 1903 it entered the class of the great resort hotels of California under the title of the New Glenwood. Because of its architecture it was soon known as the Glenwood Mission Inn, and now its chief features have brought it such fame that it is known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the Mission Inn.

The Parent Orange Tree

IN front of the Mission Inn, surrounded by a high protecting railing, stands a tree which, with its brother on Magnolia Avenue, is second in fame only to one other tree in the history of the world. First place, perhaps, must be conceded to the tree from which Mother Eve plucked

the forbidden fruit. No one surely can look unmoved on these two parent trees from which have sprung all the millions of Washington navel orange trees that today cover vast areas of California, and of many another land as well as where citrus fruit trees flourish. Within the grating stands one of these two trees. As tiny cuttings, sent by the Department of the Interior, they came to Riverside in 1874. They rooted, in due time fruited, and finally gave to the world a new orange and to California an orange tree exactly suited to its climatic requirements. The one at the Mission Inn was replanted in its present position on May 8, 1903, by President Roosevelt, and that its sturdy vitality has not



'Within the grating stands one of these trees.'

been impaired by the process is proved by the big golden fruit hanging from its boughs.

As background to this historic tree is the first permanent building erected in Riverside. It was the original home of Frank A. Miller, Master of the Inn, and is now used as a bijou tea room. But although the furnishings today are rich and rare, a glass panel in one wall displays the rough adobe bricks. The tiles that roof the little building are actual old mission tiles from Pala Mission, made in 1789, while the six bells in the campanile close by are likewise genuine relics of past centuries, brought, some from Mexico and others from South America. Indeed, many things of historic interest bearing on the old missions of Southern California have here been gathered together, and are treasured with loving care. The same spirit has been carried into the interior of the hotel, where the massive beams, the iron chandeliers, much of the furniture, the refectory at one end of the dining-room, the images of patron saints niched here and there in the entrance hall, and the cloister music-room and other features of "The Cloister," preserve the traditions of ancient days.

The main building of the New Glenwood in the Mission style was erected in 1902. The Cloister followed in 1910. In 1911 Mr. Miller made a journey to Spain to get old furniture for the cloister and came back with ideas for new building. These ideas obtained expression in the Patio of the Fountain and the Spanish Art Gallery and in the unique kitchen. The guests are shown the kitchen at any time and find it filled with art objects and built for beauty, and thus it is truly unique, at least as far as hotel kitchens of the United States are concerned, splendid as many of them are. The Patio of the Fountain is an interior court such as one finds in the houses of Cordova and Seville and the guests at the hotel take their means there in the open air nine months of the year. The Spanish Art Gallery looks as the art gallery of an old Spanish castle would and Mr. Miller has gathered in it many notable paintings.

Past Miles of Golden Fruited Orange Trees

ALTHOUGH Riverside has an extensive and comfortable trolley car service, the automobile furnishes the best means of viewing her many charms. For time and again the motor will be stopped that new viewpoints of beauty may be thoroughly enjoyed. No dull, level plain is Riverside, but an amphitheater of dips and rises almost completely embosomed in the mountains.

There are places of vantage, where the whole panorama of beauty may be taken in.

Through Flower Bordered Avenues

COMMENCING the drive via Victoria avenue around the rim of the valley, the visitor again and again catches glimpses of this magnificent panorama, each time with some special charm of color or of contour. He will survey the Arlington Heights district, stretching ten miles down the dale. Driving along Victoria avenue, he will find himself on a splendid boulevard lined by hedges of ever-blooming rose trees. Taking one of many cross-roads, he will pass along endless avenues of palms, cypresses, and acacias that scent the air with their sweet perfume. Then he will enter Magnolia avenue, a beautiful tree-shaded driveway. For ten miles stretch rows of pepper trees, eucalyptus, grevillas, palms, and the occasional magnolias that give the avenue its name. Flanking the road are commodious, attractive homes, and all around are orange orchards.



"An amphitheater of dips and rises."

Riverside's Rubidoux Mountain

THROUGH the passing years Riverside has gained a world-wide reputation for the beauty of her Magnolia drive, her Victoria Hill and her miles upon miles of palm-shaded pathways flanked on either side by thousands of acres of verdant golden-fruited orange trees, but it remained for the year of 1907 to add to her host of charms, the best mountain driveway in the world.

Close beside the city's site and standing like an eternal watch tower between her flower-bowered homes and the broad acres of the Santa Ana valley, rises the rugged crest of Rubidoux mountain, whose boulder-strewn summit lies one thousand feet above the level of Riverside streets.

By means of modern engineering this bleak mountain has been transformed into a thing of beauty and on its steep precipitous sides there has been carved out of solid rock its wonderful drive. The perfection of this splendid driveway is an achievement little short of marvelous and its completion has given the finishing touch to one of the most attractive of America's beauty spots.



"Rises the rugged crest of Rubidoux Mountain."



"Carved out of the solid rock a wonderful scenic drive."

The road is known as Huntington Park Drive, in tribute to what Henry E. Huntington has done for Riverside. The road is constructed on an easy four per cent grade, nearly all blasted out of solid rock, and in solving the engineering problems a wonderful system of loops and switchbacks was worked out.

There are points where there are four levels, one above the others, and at one point near the summit a person may stand and see the road in six different places below him. The road is a continuous drive, travel being always in the same direction, which has, of course, necessitated an up and down road, the former being at a four per cent grade and the latter, making the descent in half the distance, at an eight per cent grade. Throughout the entire length of the road, which is about four miles long, a substantial guard-wall, built of rock, has been built along the outer edge, providing absolute safety to automobiles, vehicles and pedestrians.

The Mountain's Romance

THERE cleaves to this mountain a great deal of romance. In the days of Father Junipero Serra, the pioneer mission builder of Southern California, of whose handiwork there still remains a chain of missions,



"Starting from the Campanile of the Inn."



"The road leads ever on and up."

and his co-workers, the mission padres who traveled through the valley between Pala, that picturesque inland Mission, to San Gabriel Mission, the land was but thinly settled, and under the dominion, first of the Spanish Crown and later under Mexico. Later Gen. Fremont led his brave little company of pathfinders down over the San Geronio Pass, through Riverside, across the Santa Ana river. At night they rested at the old Rubidoux Rancho, the old adobe house which is still standing, under the shadow of the mountain bearing its name.

Those days were filled with danger from the roving bands of Indians always looking for an opportunity to swoop down upon the unsuspecting rancher, leaving fire and death in their wake. So great was this danger that the inhabitants of the valley posted on the summit of Rubidoux a lookout who kept careful watch of the country for the approach of the wary Indian from the mountain fastness to the East and



"Stood as an eternal benediction to those who dwelt beneath its shadow."



"The bell hangs from its rough gallows on the summit."

who sounded the warning by ringing a bell, brought from Sunny Spain.

The old bell is gone but a memorial bell occupies the spot and hangs from its rough gallows upon the summit. The curious mountain climber may strike it, wondering at the silvery sweetness of its tone, and possibly bringing before the mental vision the roughly-clad brown-skinned watchman, who with straining eye scans the four quarters of the horizon, ever ready to raise the alarm which struck terror to the hearts of the peaceful settlers in the valley below, and who on the first note of warning hastened to the protection of their thick-walled adobes, praying to the Holy Virgin to shield them from the merciless savages.

The valley about Riverside had at least one Mission and at different times two or three chapels, or asistencias, as they were called, served by a visiting priest from the nearby Mission. Back and forth through the Valley continually passed the brown robed monks. It was in commemoration of these events that when the drive was opened to the pub-

lic a memorial cross to Junipero Serra, the founder of the Missions, rough hewn as the old crosses were, was raised to his memory, on the summit of Rubidoux. Easter morning service on the summit of Rubidoux is attended by thousands of worshippers.

By Auto to Rubidoux's Summit

TO THOROUGHLY appreciate the drive to the summit of Rubidoux Mountain one should start from the beginning, the Mission Inn. Starting from the Campanile of the Inn, the drive goes west on Seventh street, to the end of the street. If at that point one continued down under the boulder bridge he would be on the State Highway leading straight to Los Angeles, 58 miles distant via the Salt Lake Route.

Going over the boulder bridge, a beautiful piece of natural stone work, the ascent of Rubidoux Mountain begins. From this point on, the road leads ever on and up, its surface as smooth as a city boulevard, each turn bringing into



"Easter morning service on the summit of Rubidoux."



"Its giant rocks towering high above the roadway."

view beautiful vistas of mountain and valley, while above, the drive criss-crosses and loops itself into a seeming maze of tangle.

Straight ahead lies what seems an impenetrable rock, but as the road turns an opening is seen, blasted through the solid stone, aptly christened the "Royal Gorge," its giant rocks on each side towering high above the roadway. In a tablet, sunk into the face of the rock, is inscribed the following quotation from the writings of John Muir, the celebrated naturalist and lover of the mountains:

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into the trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."

Still on and up, the City drops below until the houses look like play toys, and the orange groves and meadows, with the Santa Ana, a winding thread of silver, blend into splotches of green and gold.

As the drive follows up the side of the mountain it forms a horseshoe and looking back across the chasm, the sides of which pitch down hundreds of feet, the road is lost to sight.

A Halt on Inspiration Point

AT ONE turn in the road, which extends out over the mountain is "Inspiration Point." Here is a breathing spot and from it may be seen Mt. San Antonio (Old Baldy), its peak covered with the eternal snow; the San Bernardino range, stretching to the eastward, whose sharp silhouette stands out against the azure Sierra Madres, the peaks flashing forth with the rays of the sun, and Cajon Pass, through which runs the steel rails of the Salt Lake Route, linking the East with the West, while below lies the city of Riverside, calm and peaceful in the sunshine.

At last the summit is reached and a feeling of awe almost overcomes one. To the East lies the city and the Sierra Madres; to the South, Arlington Heights, with its thousands of acres of orange groves; to the West and North, the Valley of the Santa Ana, and the river, winding like a ribbon in and out among the fields and groves and meadows, finally losing itself in the distance. Set into a great rock close under the summit is a bronze tablet unveiled by President William Howard Taft on his visit to Riverside in 1909. The inscription reads: "Fra Junipero Serra, apostle, legis-



"The Santa Ana, a winding thread of silver."



"Riverside, calm and peaceful in the sunshine."

lator, builder. To commemorate his good works this tablet is here placed. Unveiled by William Howard Taft, twenty-seventh president of the United States, October 12, A. D. 1909."

A Belt of Towering Mountains

OVER across the valley and blazed upon the slopes of the Sierra Madres may be seen the great Arrowhead, the sign of promise to the Mormon Saints which has been adopted as the trademark of the Salt Lake Route. On the crest of the mountain, straight above the Arrowhead, is that wonderful scenic boulevard called the "Rim of the World Drive." For sixty miles it goes along the crest through a National forest of pine, spruce and hemlock at an elevation of from a mile to a mile and a half above the ocean, looking down now on the orange district and Santa Ana Valley and the cities of San Bernardino, Colton, Redlands and Riverside and their neighbors, and now looking out to the north over the great expanse of Mohave Desert. On clear days the ocean and Catalina Island can be seen more than one hundred miles away. Stretches of the road are in sight from Rubidoux. At the Eastern end of the "Rim of the World Drive" is



"The towering snowcapped peak of San Antonio."

Big Bear Lake, a beautiful body of water surrounded by forest, at an elevation of 6700 feet. The lake is seven miles long and has numerous resorts on its borders. Far to the eastward opens out the San Geronimo Pass, through which the fearless Fremont and his sturdy band passed into the valley; Mt. San Jacinto, the scene of many incidents of "Ramona," and the Temescal, and finally, "all the kingdoms of the world," from "Artist's Rock," the highest point.

As encircling sky line are lofty mountains, with the towering snow-capped peak of San Antonio (Old Baldy), and intervening saw-toothed lines of smaller hills.

Immediately under the old bell, which has served its mission of usefulness as a warning to those who lived in the valley in the early days against the marauding bands of war-like Indians, and now hangs silent and rust-eaten, is "Robber's Roost," a natural cave. This cave was used, so tradition runs, as a shelter from sun and storm, by the sentinel who kept watch, day and night, over the valley below. Now, however, it is a resting place for those who are agile and courageous enough to seek its cool shade.

A high stone wall has been constructed of rocks and ship's cable. This cable, by the way, is a relic of old

ocean, a Chinese anchor chain, which came to the United States at about the same time that Commodore Perry opened up Japan.

The down drive at several places crosses the road going up. Half way down several old Spanish cannon have been placed. Here also has been built a rest-spot, where one may sit and drink in the beauty and grandeur of the panorama of mountain and valley which extends for thirty miles to the north, east and west.

When the end of the trip is reached one can truly say few drives compare, in point of scenic grandeur and natural beauty, with that of Rubidoux Mountain.

Riverside's Outdoor Life

OUTDOOR sports form one of the delights of Southern California life. In this respect Riverside is well equipped, riding, motoring and athletics being quite a distinct feature of its social life. The Victoria Club is the leading organization of its kind in this section.

The club building is located on the Arroyo and is a delightful place for afternoon tea or dinner. It includes all the features of the club and has a large bowling alley and billiard room.



"All the kingdoms of the world."

The golf course is one of the best in Southern California.

Polo games are held each week at Chemawa Park grounds, from December to April, with contests between the crack clubs of the Pacific Coast. Entries also frequently include teams from England and Canada. The Walter H. Dupee Cup and the Mission Inn Challenge Cup are two of the prized trophies.

Eastern visitors who may pass a few weeks in Riverside will be granted the privilege of the club upon request. Full information can be obtained by addressing J. H. Burtner, District Passenger Agent, Salt Lake Route, Riverside, Cal.

Not only are Victoria and Magnolia Avenues, Hawarden Drive, Van Buren Heights Drive and Rubidoux Mountain Drive splendid for automobiles, but the State Highways or County Boulevards extend in all directions from Riverside. This city, with Ontario and Pomona, is on the Mission Road which is the inland automobile route between Los



"Beneath azure skies in the golden sunshine."

Angeles and San Diego. One can go on concrete boulevards through the great Perris Valley to Elsinore Lake or to the peach and apricot district at Hemet and San Jacinto, or straight East in Riverside County between the giant mountains San Gorgonio and San Jacinto and down to Palm Springs in a desert that looks like Egypt.



"The Victoria Club, a delightful place for afternoon tea or dinner."

A Memory of Beauty

THE tour of the Pacific Coast is incomplete should Riverside be omitted, and the stay within the limits of California's most noted orange belt presents to the traveler the ideal of perfection in the development of the soil, to which is added the charm of a home life passed beenath the azure skies in the golden sunshine of this wonderfully favored spot, surrounded by a wealth of natural scenic beauty unsurpassed in any other corner of the world.

Then, with the mission bells chiming in his ears the old Jacobite song, "Will Ye Not Come Back Again?" loth indeed is the wayfarer to take the onward trail. Travel he ever so far, Riverside will always abide with him as a memory of entrancing beauty.

SHOULD information regarding Riverside or any other section of Southern California be desired, it will be promptly furnished upon application to either of the following Agents of the Salt Lake Route, the scenic short line via Salt Lake City to Southern California:

M. de Brabant, General Agent, Woolworth Building, New York City.

Wm. Warner, General Agent, 112 W. Adams St., Room 808, Chicago.

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